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taken and examined, I presume, forty specimens. *They are the same bird*, but not of the same age. The black is the adult. . . . The differences in markings between them are not as great as in many birds, as, for example, in the Bald Eagle, the Golden Eye, Sheldrake, etc. I have taken them from those with the lightest markings to jet black, with all the intermediate varieties in color. So gradually do they become more and more black till jet black is reached, that I will defy any one to draw the separating line. It would be as difficult as to tell when the 'pig becomes a hog.'”\*

The late Mr. Lucius Clarke, of Northampton, I have been informed, had a similar series, and that from an examination of a large number of specimens he had arrived at the same conclusion. I have not yet had an opportunity of comparing a very large number, but from a study of those I have seen, and of the accounts given by authors, I believe the view taken by Dr. Wood and Mr. Clark to be the correct one.

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## TROUT FISHING IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY HON. J. D. CATON.

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By far the hardest day's work the tourist has in "doing" the wonderful valley is the visit to the Vernal and the Nevada falls, where the Merced River makes a clear leap of three hundred feet over the first, and seven hundred feet over the second. Our guide, Mr. Cunningham, assured me that not a fish of any kind is found in the river, or any of its tributaries above the first or lower fall. Below these falls several varieties occur, the most interesting and the most abundant of which is the Speckled Trout (*Salmo iridea* Gib.). It differs materially from its cousin, the Speckled Trout of the Eastern States (*Salmo fontinalis*), especially in habit and

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\*In epist. Sept. 5, 1864.

coloring, and is more sluggish in movement and less voracious in appetite. Its spots are all black, less regular in size, form and arrangement, and it has a coppery stripe running along the lower part of either side. It was the unanimous verdict of our party that its flesh is inferior to that of the eastern brook trout, though it was highly relished by all. The waters of the river are almost as transparent as the atmosphere, and are as cold as it is safe to bathe in. The trout were so abundant that usually several were in view to the observer standing on the river bank, but so shy that one would rarely remain within forty feet.\* The Indians daily brought in large strings taken with the hook, which they sold to Mr. Hutchings, our landlord; but it was said, that with one exception, no white man had ever taken one. The bait always used by the natives is the angle-worm, which Mr. Hutchings assured me was found abundant in the valley by the first white visitors. I may pause here to say that this statement interested me much from the fact that none of these worms were ever found on Lake Superior till they were planted there; ten years ago those who used them for bait were obliged to take them along. I planted the first at Eagle River, seven years since, with worms taken from Ottawa, Illinois, and they have flourished finely since.

After nine hours of travel on a very hot day, we returned from viewing the falls to the hotel. While the rest of the party sought rest on beds in their rooms, or on robes or blankets under the oaks, I determined to try my hand with the trout. I overhauled my satchel and found a few flies and some naked hooks, and a very indifferent line. Mine host loaned me a Chinese rod, which answered well enough. I first essayed with artificial flies, from behind a bunch of willows, by which I was entirely concealed. They simply laughed at all my efforts at deception. They seemed as indifferent to any fly which I had as they would

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\*They were generally observed moving slowly about from six to twelve inches below the surface. The current is very strong.

bé to a willow leaf. I stopped fishing, and observed them for nearly an hour from my concealment. They were constantly rising to the surface for something floating on the water, though not with the dash and *vim* of an eastern trout, but with a staid and dignified pace which seemed to say they were quite indifferent whether they caught their victims or not. It was clear then that with a proper fly and the laziest possible mode of handling it would persuade them. I now resorted to the angle-worms.\* I fished in deep water and in shallow, in the rapids and in the eddies, with every mode and motion I had ever found successful with trout. It was of no use. Sometimes one would approach in a sluggish way and smell of the bait, but would never touch it. I then tried them as if fishing for black bass, but with no better success,† and in that deep gorge hemmed in by vertical walls four thousand feet high, it already seemed as if night was upon me. Still as the Indians often take them in the night with the same bait, I thought I would try another mode. I went at them now as if I were fishing for black pike in the Illinois or Fox River. I threw the bait into the swift current well above me and allowed it to float till it grounded as far down the stream as the line would allow. Here it was allowed to remain for perhaps five seconds, and then with a moderate but steady motion it was brought up stream and towards the surface. The secret was solved. It had not been raised from the bottom more than a foot, when it was met by a trout about twelve inches long, but I did not make sufficient allowance for his sluggish habits, and struck before he had well taken the hook, and he fell back into the water close by the bank. Several succeeding casts were unsuccessful. Soon, however, a stranger came along, and was deceived by my unprofessional practices, and took the bait as it was rising from the bottom in a way that seemed

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\* With which a juvenile "Lo." had supplied me for a dime.

† The last rays of the setting sun had ceased to play on the smooth face of South Dome which towered above me almost a mile in altitude.

to say, "I don't much care whether you escape me or not." I however gave him plenty of time and then landed him. If I had been too quick with the first, I was too slow with this, for the hook had quite disappeared, so that a knife was necessary to disengage it, and my prize was so much disfigured as to spoil it for a specimen. It was now nearly dark, and without another cast I hastened home, where I found my party busily engaged discussing a comfortable dinner. Senator H. suspended his gastronomic occupation and carefully examined my prize, and then deliberately surveyed the captor, and at last profoundly remarked, "this should be considered no exception to the rule of this valley that the trout will not bite a white man's hook. The fish should be pardoned, for the mistake was most natural." And then the whole party, with a spirit only known in a jovial excursion party determined to make the most of every incident, struck up "so say we all of us." I forgave the ladies at least, for nearly all had excellent voices and were always ready to use them on the least provocation; but I yet owe the senator *one*.

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## THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

BY H. M. BANNISTER.

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THE study of the domestic animals of a barbarous nation or tribe is chiefly interesting as throwing some additional light upon their physical and intellectual status, and is therefore a fit adjunct to the study of their ethnological and historical relations. When, however, the species are, as it were, unique in this capacity, or when through domestication any very remarkable variation from the usual type appears to have been produced, they then become of more general interest. Under this latter class we may place the